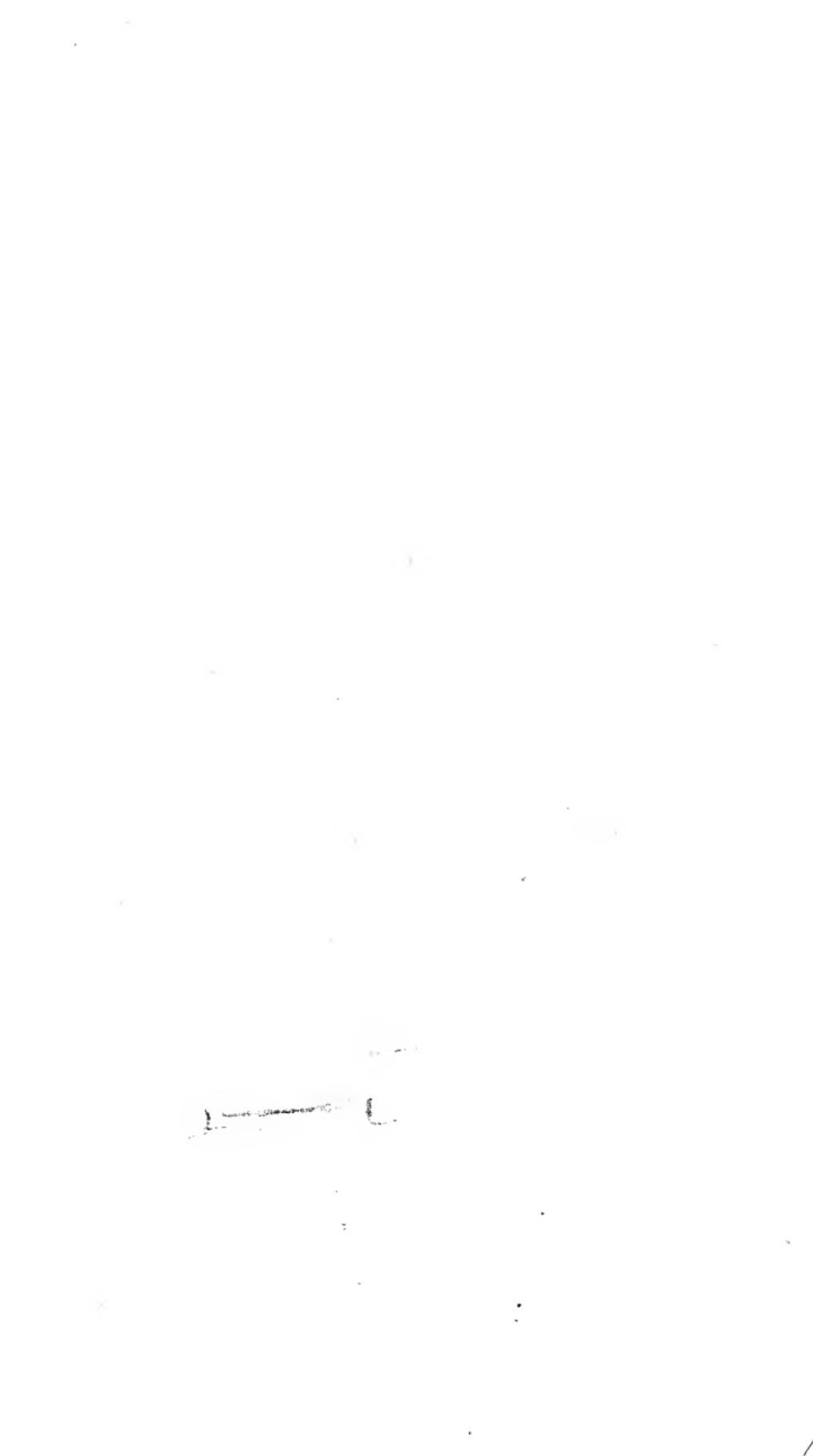


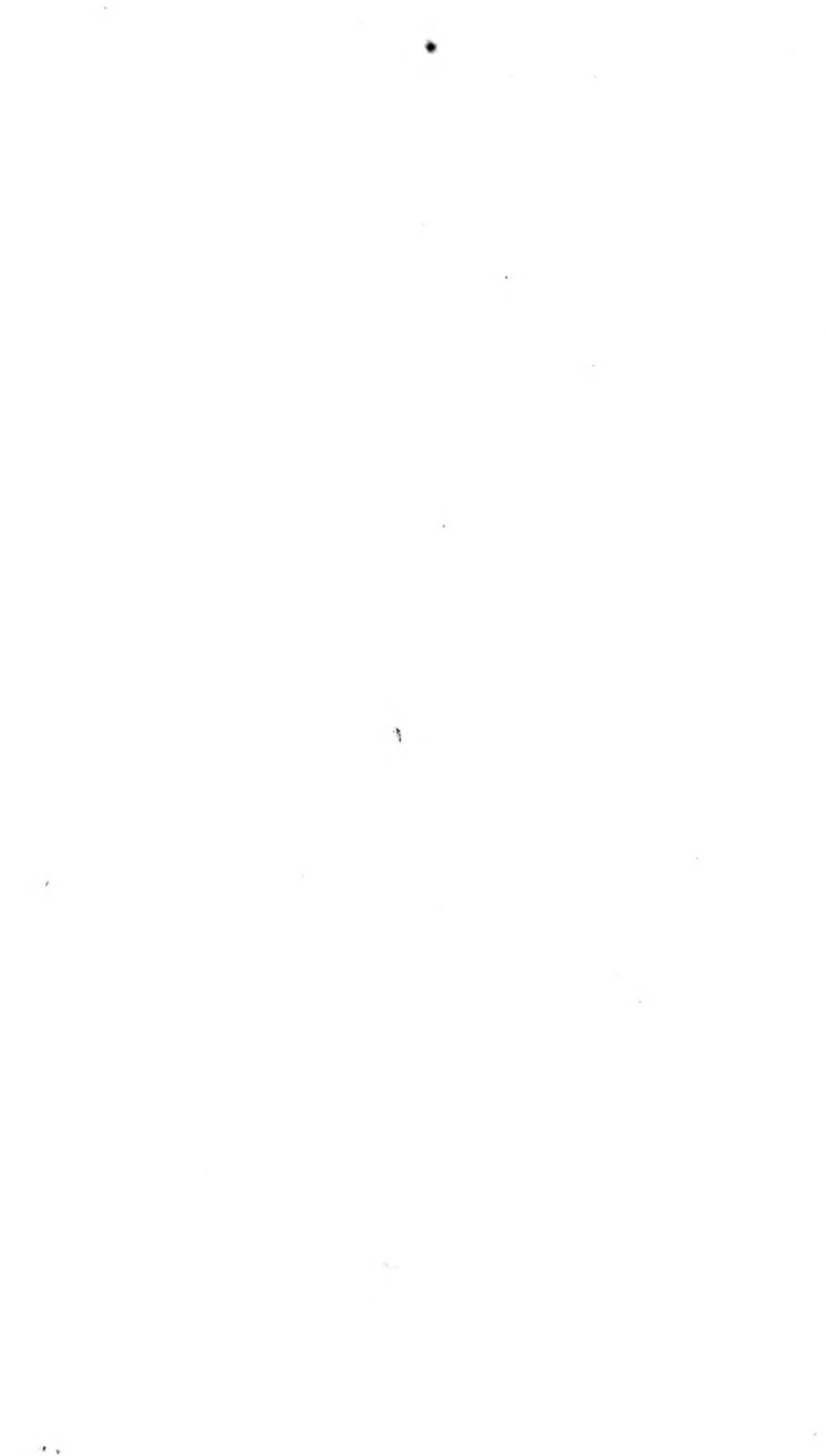
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THE
FATE OF GENIUS,
AND
OTHER POEMS.

BY
JOHN F. COFFEEN.

What is writ, is writ—
Would it were worthier!—CHILDE HAROLD.

CINCINNATI:
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P R E F A C E.

I FEAR, that the very title of the principal poem in this collection, will appear like an assumption on the part of the author, because it may seem, to most readers, that a person should have some little claims to genius himself, before he ventures to talk so learnedly about it. I hope such will reflect, that I do not make any pretensions of the kind, and I imagine, that those who take the trouble to peruse it, will not be averse to hearing somewhat concerning its origin, since it may furnish an apology to myself for writing upon a subject which deserves a much abler pen.

In 182- I was appointed to deliver an oration for the U. L. S. of the Miami University. A senior suggested to me, the **Fate of Genius**, as a subject which would likely be new and interesting. I then threw together some hasty remarks upon it, being very far, at that time, from an elaborate effort of any kind. Within the last year, some circumstances (with which I do not wish to trouble the world,) having changed the purposes of my life and driven me to the Muses, I came to the conclusion, to make a collection of my poems, written at different intervals from my fourteenth year, a few of the most serious of which are contained in this volume. In the meanwhile, for the sake of a severer exercise, I undertook to turn into verse my **Essay on the Fate of Genius**; and, as it was intended merely for exercise, expected to burn it, as

a matter of course. The result was, I found myself interested in the subject, and had not written many lines before I threw aside the original, and gave myself to the guidance of fancy. It is what you perceive. I publish, because I have nothing to lose by it, if it fails. I have confidence, that I can retire unaurelled from the field, with the utmost composure, and probably find my level, and yet be of use in some department or other. I shall not be the only one of my fellow-youths, who has attempted a walk for which nature did not intend him.

I know that my poems are composed too much in moments of impulse. Most of them were written at an early age, before I had so much as dreamed that I should dare to come before the world as an author. If they appear to myself, to contain any merit, (and who is not interested in his own emotions,) it is no evidence that others will view them in that light, or care to appreciate them. Be that as it may, I submit them, and beg of those who condemn, to be satisfied, which I know they would be upon acquaintance, that it will require much more than the failure of this trifle, to produce any change in my feelings. However, it will be time enough for the expression of stoicism, after the world shall have had the honor of discovering that this offspring of my brain is ‘a book, alas! with nothing in it.’ At any rate, I have had the pleasure of writing it: and I shall probably learn something by its condemnation, which I hold to be true philosophy. My countrymen may applaud or condemn: in either case, I hope to benefit by their decision.

THE AUTHOR.

FATE OF GENIUS.

I.

YE generous few! who love to trace the ray
Of GENIUS, bright'ning o'er life's desert way;
Come, mourn with me, that 'mid the ceaseless jar
Of pride, ambition, avarice, and war,
The noblest men, the genuine sons of fame,
Born to adorn with dignity our name—
Afar dispersed, where lengthened ages roll,
Blest with the pure resplendent gifts of soul,
Through envy, malice, or tyrannic ire,
Have been the first to suffer and expire.

II.

High in yon hall, where lofty senates hold
Auspicious converse—mighty schemes unfold—
Genius, the guardian, guides the bark of state
Through lurking snares and threat'ning shoals of fate;
Fires with bold impulse the heroic band,
Who fight for freedom and their native land;
Bids them choose glory or the bondsman's chain,
Then grasps the sword and leads them to the plain.

III.

Whether he stands the martyr of a cause,
Or shields a state, or purifies her laws,
Or lends his aid and energy to save
The guiltless sufferer from an early grave,
Or glows with rapture in the love of truth,
Behold! the vision of his earliest youth,
And deep long-cherished ardor of his mind—
The wish to bless—to elevate mankind!

IV.

In every art, still useful to his age,
He prunes the manners or refines the stage.
There, as mild virtue triumphs over crime,
And satire points the vices of the time,
The wretch, whose life has been one base alloy,
Of shameless deeds without a heartfelt joy,
Will send his thoughts to scenes of love gone by,
When artless childhood sparkled in his eye—
Then throng tumultuously the visions rife,
With heartless crimes that blacken human life,
Till lo! he sees destruction hovering near,
And weeps in anguish o'er his mad career.

V.

Genius, in lofty domes of ancient days,
Has reared the altars of undying praise;
And from afar, men turn their wondering eyes
To names engraven on the glowing skies,
And deem the founts from which such beauties flow
Can have no sources in the world below;
While struggles onward to the destined goal
Some humble being of heroic soul,
Wandering in penury, from place to place,
The benefactor of his vaunting race,
Starving beneath the world's contempt and scorn,
And planning good for ages yet unborn.

VI.

The selfish mass of sordid human kind,
 To all the glories of wide nature blind,
 Look for the joys that spring from wealth alone,
 Nor care who suffers, so themselves are known ;
 Bound to one sweeping avaricious part,
 Of low desires that rot into the heart,
 Heed not the Genius pining in estate,
 Who strikes his harp at some proud lordling's gate,
 Or wandering wildly on the moaning shore,
 Blends his sad fate with the rude ocean's roar.

VII.

'Tis but the few, of genial souls possessed,
 Who find pure joy, where all around are blest ;
 Who, like fond friends will linger o'er the tomb,
 Where lies young Genius in his early doom,
 Will dwell with tears on memory of those days,
 When artless boyhood listened to his lays ;
 When straying dreamlike in the murmuring grove,
 He lulled our lives with visions of bright love,
 Or with the swelling chords resounding high,
 Waked ardent virtue in the flashing eye.

VIII.

There, while ye deck, with humble flowers that fade,
 The grave afar in yon deserted glade,
 Where some neglected Otway finds repose,
 Or Savage, silent from his plaintive woes,
 Or Collins, mildest, gentlest, child of song,
 Slumbers unconscious of the world's cold wrong ;
 While o'er the turf the rankling weeds have grown,
 And the low nightwind sweeps with hollow moan—
 Turn to yon star that glitters in the west,
 Chasing the red sun to his nightly rest ;
 For 'mid the glories on that golden shore,
 When all the ills of human life are o'er,

Such spirits dwell, through brightly rolling years,
Throned in the temple of immortal spheres.

IX.

Now, when the shadows of the night, unfurled,
Spread their soft pinions o'er this nether world,
High towering on some lofty mountain steep
That looks abroad upon the boundless deep,
And in the vapory distance, 'neath the eye,
The islands rise where slumbering cities lie,
Wrapped in the massy clouds that gathering roll,
Dull as their denizens of sordid soul—
Let me turn musing to the starry plain,
And plunge my thoughts in the ethereal main,
And trace those rays that struggle o'er our earth,
To the deep fountains of their heavenly birth.

X.

When Chaos! parent of dread gloom and death,
A stirless ocean, slept without a breath,
And worlds of matter one rude mass combined—
The Forms of Beauty fill'd the Eternal Mind;
Then, as the whispering of the evening breeze
Wakes the calm bosom of unruffled seas,
Urged by the impulse of the Will Divine,
Atoms their kindred atoms flew to join,
And Love extatic from the hovering soul,
Breath'd a grand harmony through the beauteous whole.
Hence, all the charms revolving seasons bring,
Clothing the earth with fairest flowers of spring,
Or summer's smiles, or autumn's fruitful stores,
Pouring their blessings on unnumbered shores;
Hence, the exalted systems of the skies,
That greet in majesty our wondering eyes;
The beaming planets with their mystic spell;
The starry temples where a God may dwell.

XI.

Intelligence, the all-pervading power,
 That filled creation in her natal hour ;
 Inspiring all things, never to be less,
 Than when it brooded o'er the vast abyss—
 That dwells as well in humblest plants that grow,
 As countless myriads of stars that glow ;
 Smiles in the azure of the summer seas,
 Breathes in the fount, and wafts upon the breeze.
 Colors the flower unseen adown the vale,
 The insect glittering in the evening gale ;
 Enliv'ning all, from the minutest form,
 The fairy ruler of the wind and storm,
 To brighter beings of angelic mould,
 That down the Orient golden wings unfold—
 Has given to man, a medium in the grade,
 A lofty life, and joys that never fade,
 A just proportion of the eternal fire
 That rears his form and bids him to aspire.

XII.

The Forms of Beauty, from the earliest time,
 Profuse dispersed through nature's glowing clime ;
 Show the immortal fountains whence they flow,
 By union with immortal minds below ;
 In the ideal empire of the Mind,
 Each spell of thought and magic form combined,
 Bears us above the cold dull things of clay,
 And gloomy clouds that hover o'er our way ;
 But the dull, plodding mass of mortals, bound
 To run the ceaseless, toilsome, weary round
 Of care or crime, to quarrel or to plan—
 The slaves or rulers of their fellow-man ;
 The bubble Reputation to pursue,
 The golden rainbows fading from the view ;

Chained to the segment of a little sphere,
To look abroad with trembling and with fear ;
To bow submissive to the beldame tale,
And hear an angry God in every gale ;
N'er lift their thoughts to contemplate the whole,
And revel in expanded joys of soul.

XIII.

Genius! the child of nature's happiest mood,
Can people with his dreams the solitude,
Throned in the lofty intellectual dome,
He scans the universe—his only home!
Then turns aside with philosophic power,
To draw a moral from the meanest flower ;
E'en though an outcast on some lonely isle,
He views the hovering Genii round him smile ;
Awakes the ministering spirits at his call,
From green retreats or murmuring waterfall ;
While gentle Muses lull him to repose,
And bid forget the world and all his woes.

XIV.

Now Nymphs and Naiads, from each ancient rill,
The fervent mind with images can fill ;
Of artless forms with fascinating mien,
That dance at eve upon the vestal green ;
Of smiling Graces crowned with early flowers,
Desporting noonday in their woodbine bowers ;
Of seraph shapes and sylphs forever fair,
That dwell in regions of the azure air ;
Of heavenly Virtue with her smiling train
Of tender virgins on Arcadian plain ;
And Freedom bidding all the nations rise,
With charm resistless pointing to the skies—
These visionstronging wake the soul-felt fire,
And mortals hang enraptured on the lyre.

XV.

There is a Harmony, pervading all !—
 Heard in the tempest, when the blossoms fall,
 That deck in varied pride the vernal year,
 And lives in cadence of the rolling sphere ;
 'Tis heard at morn, when o'er the dewy hill,
 The sun shines glancing on the sparkling rill ;
 'Tis heard at waning evening's gentle close,
 When up the steep the village murmur goes ;
 And in the feelings of unearthly power,
 That fill the heart at twilight's sombre hour ;
 And in the moaning of the leafless trees,
 The nightly shadow, and the whispering breeze ;
 The distant music, and the cascade's fall,
 The owlet's scream from out the ruined wall,
 Breathing a language none can feel so well,
 And wraps the Poet in a dreamlike spell.

XVI.

As rarest gem, the depths of ocean bear,
 Concealed in caverns far from upper air,
 Or diamond found, imprisoned in the rock—
 By some convulsion's indurating shock,
 Or brightest star from Ormus' golden throne,
 Is that rare gem which Genius claims her own ;
 Born from the sun, where centre all the rays
 Of perfect grace, denied to seraph's gaze ;
 The gift to some on earth of humble mien,
 In distant ages few and far between ;
 The glory of the philosophic page,
 Adored alike in every clime or age—
 It sheds a halo o'er the human name,
 And burns on towers of never-dying fame.

XVII.

But mark the Youth who climbs yon mountain height !
 Where glows the sun with cold and cheerless light,

Forlorn, neglected, desolate, outcast,
 His dark locks streaming in the raging blast ;
 Yet reared in form majestically bold,
 As stands the statue of Athenian mould ;
 His arm outstretched towards the heaving main,
 His frenzied eye fixed on the azure plain ;
 'Mid the wild tempests and the ocean's roar,
 He pours his dirge to the resounding shore ;
 Then hurls from high to meet the yawning grave,
 And leave no trace on the remorseless wave.

XVIII.

Fain would I win thy, Muse ! propitious smile,
 Whose song has swept o'er many a Grecian isle,
 And many centuries and shores prolong,
 To sound his praise, reverberate his wrong,
 Greatest and first of all the immortal choir,*
 Who charm the world with magic of the lyre ;
 Highest within the lofty tower of fame
 Reared on the Mount of song, I view his Name
 Who first ascended—long will men admire,
 And envying poets may in vain aspire.

XIX.

Sadly we follow to some lonely glen,
 The orphan Outcast, 'mid the haunts of men ;
 Still destined homeless on the shore to roam,
 Lulled in his slumber by the lashing foam ;
 There, in the grandeur of deep solitude,
 He gives his soul to contemplation's mood ;
 Sends his great thoughts far down the stream of time,
 And on the shores of the remotest clime,
 Beholds those temples reared by stranger hands
 Which men deny him in his native lands.

* Homer.

XX.

Bow'd down with age, but Genius still unflow'n,
 He seeks the barren strand to die alone ;
 His garment, humid with the ocean spray,
 The dew unshaken from his locks of grey,
 One last, fond thought upon his fatherland,
 One lingering look—he sinks upon the sand !
 No wife, no friend, to bend above him now
 To soothe the anguish of the suffering brow ;
 But the low surge with melancholy roll,
 Hymns the sad requiem to his parting soul.

XXI.

The fairest scene the brightly rolling sun,
 In all his brilliant pathway shines upon,
 Is Virtue, upright, stedfast on her course,
 Unawed by envy or tyrannic force ;
 Though Rage and Malice gather grim around,
 Though Baseness sneer and cold Misfortune frown,
 Still firm, undaunted, welcoming the grave,
 To shame the bad and stimulate the brave.

XXII.

In the last glad hour of a life well-passed,
 The Mind in triumph over all at last,
 True to the whispering demon of his soul,
 Behold the Grecian* near his final goal,
 In firm defiance of all human woes,
 From out a prison smiling on his foes,
 He lifts his thoughts where heavenly visions rise,
 And hails the cup that wafts him to the skies.

XXIII.

Turn we, to where the Alpine summits stand,
 With towering thrones o'er many a teeming land ;

* Socrates.

Beside yon waterfall's unceasing flow,
 A mortal gazes on the world below ;
 And like the plant on lonely mountains cast,
 Sighs in his sadness to the mournful blast ;
 His wandering life, blest with few gleams of joy,
 How have I loved to trace, while yet a boy ;
 Through poverty and cold neglect, at length,
 Rising aloft in majesty of strength ;
 Cast on the world without a friend or home,
 In other climes and distant lands to roam,
 Now, lone and weary on yon summit high,
 Recurs his mind to many an hour gone by,
 While memory saddens o'er each rising scene
 Of early youth upon the village green—
 Yet, turns he now, from all the past unrolled,
 To fonder dreams that cherished hopes unfold ;
 And while his thoughts the varied empires scan,
 Forgets all ills in heartfelt love to man.*

XXIV.

With generous smile, and heart that knew to glow
 For others' joy, or melt at others' wo ;
 Whether upon the shining banks of Loire,
 Leading with tuneful pipe the sportive choir,
 'Or wandering where the rude Corinthian boor
 Against the houseless stranger shuts the door,'
 Or 'mid the few, where social virtues play,
 The happiest still, where all around were gay ;
 Or with untiring zeal, but rarely shown,
 To rear his country's glory and his own—
 His, was no dazzling, but a useful part,
 With but one fault, men say—'too good a heart.'

XXV.

Come near ! thou spirit of the gentle dead !
 While nightly shadows hover round my head ;

* Oliver Goldsmith.

And from the world at rest a spell-like power,
 Falls on the soul in this dim sunless hour ;
 And in my pulse, now trembling, faint, and low,
 I feel a kinsman's sympathetic glow,
 Smile on my heart with thy own generous flame,
 And wake my mind to emulate thy fame.

XXVI.

When Genius flew to more congenial climes
 From eastern empires stained with foulest crimes ;
 Two Bards combined, and, as the branching oak,
 That bids defiance to the tempest stroke,
 Amid the ruins of an ancient tower,
 Decaying fast beneath barbarian power—
 Revived her name, while yet the guiding star
 Of truth was sunk in ignorance and war.
 The philanthropic, find in that dark age,
 Some transient gleams on the historic page,
 By which through want and poverty to trace
 The immortal poets—glory of their race !*

XXVII.

Genius, when fated to a lower sphere,
 If little praised, deserves at least a tear ;
 Forever dwelling in the fancied glare,
 Of noble thoughts, 'mid meanest wants and care ;
 Emulous of fame, conversing with the dead,
 Even when wandering in want of bread ;
 Unfitted for the trials of our life,
 Yet tossed and driven on its waves of strife ;
 Improvident in petty arts of gain,
 With sensibility approaching pain ;
 Adoring virtue with an ardent fire,
 Yet oft the victim of a low desire ;
 With fancy hovering in a brighter sky,

* Jonson and Shakspeare.

Yet bound to barren, cold reality ;
 Till maddened thoughts at last themselves disarm,
 And even fame will lose the power to charm ;
 Harassed, chagrined, when every hope has flown,
 Reason o'erpowered totters from her throne ;
 And dark insanity, a sullen gloom,
 Anticipates the silence of the tomb.

XXVIII.

When parting pilgrims thronged on foreign strand,
 And bade a last adieu their native land ;
 'Mid prayers and tears of gathering friends around,
 The sea inviting with a hollow sound,
 Their path unknown their bark upon the wave,
 The last sad refuge of the exiled brave ;
 Did not some daring spirit in that hour,
 Give loose to dreams of fancy's golden power ?
 Dwell, with a fond anticipated love,
 On scenes Arcadian, and many a grove
 That smiled untrod in western worlds afar,
 Beyond the reach of tyranny and war ;
 And with prophetic, elevated eye,
 Behold dread omens in his native sky,
 Of coming doom to desolate the climes
 Stained with the martyr's blood and kingly crimes,
 And future empires 'yond the Atlantic main,
 Where Peace might dwell and heavenly Virtue reign.

XXIX.

Nature, who flies in horror to the glade,
 From courts where fashion flutters in brocade ;
 And little minds most sedulous to bless,
 Parade in all the impotence of dress,
 Delights to dwell 'mid unmolested hours,
 Whose rosy fingers strew her path with flowers ;
 Presiding o'er the mountains, lake, and grove,
 Where raptured Muses court her smiling love.

XXX.

The same young Goddess, erst in radiance bright,
 Came from the azure of yon mountain's height ;
 And as the bright sun sought the western plain,
 Paused on the shore of the Atlantic main ;
 With bow and quiver o'er her shoulder flung,
 And wild as the wild woodland notes she sung.
 Now, while from far she views the little band,
 The exiled few, who come to Flymouth's strand,
 Listens with rapture to the swelling song
 That woods around and echoing shores prolong.

1.

‘ How sweet from verdant lands the fresh’ning breeze,
 To wandering mariners on stormy seas ;
 Weary and worn upon the ocean’s breast,
 How glad the heart—the languid limbs of rest ;
 Welcome ! the land that bade the wish to roam,
 Our hope on foreign shores—our future home ! ’

2.

‘ Far o’er the watery plain and billows blue,
 Our native Country—bade a last adieu !
 Now anxious friends, at hour of eventide,
 While lingering pensive on the lone seaside,
 Bereaved will feel, and turning homeward, pray
 For safety ’mid the perils of our way.’

3.

‘ Here, with the rising of to-morrow’s sun,
 We build an altar to the Eternal One,
 That Power who guides the pilgrim from the climes,
 Of stern oppression and tumultuous times ;
 And pointed out this unknown foreign shore,
 Where men may fly when freedom is no more.’

4.

‘ No more we mingle with the ceaseless train,
 Who haunt the throne with supplications vain ;
 No more we join the ruthless rush of war,
 To spread a name and desolation far ;
 Adieu to Eastern crimes, and Europe’s sons,
 Her tyrant’s tools, and bondaged myrmidons ! ’

5.

‘ Here, will we plant the standard of our race,
 On this lone shore—our home and dwelling-place ;
 And rear our sons unknown to crowded halls
 Where pleasure satiates and where vice appals ;
 To pluck the fruit, and drink the crystal spring,
 Fairer than gardens of Hesperia bring,
 Free from the crimes of rapine and the bowl,
 Which taint the feelings and pollute the soul.’

XXXI.

And now, reclining on the rising ground,
 That overlooks the isle and bay profound,
 She views the pilgrim group—their voyage done,
 Who think, alas ! their worst of perils won ;
 Hears the soft breeze—the voice of music made
 In verdant copse and solitary glade ;
 Fanned by the fragrance of the scented groves,
 Where all her Wood-nymphs woo primeval loves
 Beholds along the blue and placid deep,
 The swallows sport and golden dolphins leap,
 The sea birds roaming in the evening mild—
 Then, plumes her pinion for the western wild.

XXXII.

Ah ! Guardian Goddess, now thy wings expand
 O’er the young Genius of our rising land,
 Inspire a love for these ennobling climes,
 Far from the crowd, and European crimes ;

For here, in native beauty may be seen,
 The limpid brook, the dell of deepest green;
 The wood-crowned hill, the silent lonely glade,
 The grotto shrouded in eternal shade;
 Here, smiling Spring with all her frolic band
 Of rosy-fingered Hours, bestrew the land
 With varied flowers of every varied hue,
 And clustering vines fantastically new;
 Here rivers, brighter than Hydaspes, glide
 To meet the sounding of the ocean tide;
 And forest lakes, transparent as the skies,
 Mountains in native majesty arise,
 Upon whose heights the Thunder makes his path,
 And the quelled Whirlwind slumbers in his wrath.

XXXIII.

Again 'tis night! the White Man lingers still,
 Beneath the round moon wan'ning cold and chill
 Above the scene—a Savage in his gore!—
 The iron rage still darkly gloaming o'er
 Those features once so haughtily expressed
 The headlong daring of the warrior's breast;
 His blood is spilt upon his hunting ground,
 So die the brave! no more the rustling sound
 Of human footsteps on the low-wind's breath
 Shall wake the hero to the strife of death;
 Mournful the meeting round the council-fire;
 Sad is the hour that saw their chief expire;
 While raves the dance, fright'ning beasts that prowl,
 With the wild scream and the long midnight howl.

XXXIV.

Behold! yon Indian has climbed the steep,
 That looks adown upon the western deep;
 The pride and glory of his race have flown,
 'Mid all the crowding world he stands alone;

Far, far away, his friend, the warrior's grave,
Beneath the groves that on Oronkas' wave,
The heroes fallen of his little band,
Desolate to him, his own, his fatherland ;
And the last refuge from the coming flood
Of Europe's hell-hounds thirsting for his blood,
Is that bleak rock on the Pacific shore,
Towering aloft amid the surges' roar ;
His last, fond look is cast upon the plain,
His dirge is sung by the dark rolling main—
The world wheels onward in its great career,
And men will say, ' the Indian once was here !'

XXXV.

From these dark scenes, the Muse would gladly turn,
Where purer lights with milder radiance burn,
And wake o'er cultured scene or rural grove,
Themes that inspire the generous heart with love ;
Those peaceful Arts that are our country's pride,
Which fill the land and darken every tide ;
The hopes of men reposing from their toil,
When waving harvests hide the fertile soil ;
The social virtues, fountains whence must flow
The only joys that men can ever know—
For, not the glory of exalted fame,
When neighboring nations tremble at our name ;
Nor all the splendors that the wealthy share,
Nor all the arts of fashionable glare—
Can give that genuine bliss, too rarely found,
Or spread that smiling happiness around,
As do the Virtues, on their gentle way,
Making the life one golden summer day ;
The generous flame, the love that knows no part
With low desire, or avarice of heart ;
Domestic scenes that shame the wish to roam,
Making a heaven of every happy home ;

These are the Themes! that truly may inspire
The young American to grasp the lyre,
Bid brighter visions of our country rise,
And build her temples to the glowing skies ;
And may no coward fears of human scorn,
That oft o'ercloud young Genius' op'ning morn,
Deter his footsteps from that smiling bower
Where charm the Muses with celestial power ;
And gentle Graces lend their kind control,
T' adorn the manners and exalt the soul.



P O E M S .

On perd tout le temps qu'on peut mieux employer.

Pensees de Rousseau.

DEVOTION.

SHADES of immortal Bards! who long
Have lived in voice of deathless Song,
That empire of our souls where dwell
Each beauteous form and magic spell;
While kindly from the past, ye seem⁴
Hovering like visions of a dream—
Behold! one chastened heart before
Thy altars humbly to adore.
Fain would I find repose at last,
Among thy kingdoms of the past,
Where throng the shapes of spell-like power
That charmed me from my childhood's hour;

Or waft upon the western gale,
 To Tempe's consecrated vale ;
 Or muse on Peneus' rolling flood ;
 Or climb the hoary mount of God,
 To worship in the lofty dome,
 Where Virtue found her brightest home ;
 Or in such vale, with cliffs around,
 As Cowley deemed enchanted ground ;
 And with fair Calliope stray,
 To listen while her lovely lay,
 Blending all the Muses' art,
 Wakes wild devotion in the heart.

MORTALITY.

Jam te premet nox.

Hor. Ode iv. B. i.

'MID the noise of this busy earth—
 The toils of care, the tones of mirth,
 The sunny smiles, and friendly cheers
 Of the warm in heart, the young in years ;
 Surrounded by the sparkling eyes
 That beam of beauty from the skies ;
 Bestow we ever one passing thought,
 On our poor being, as we ought ?

What are we ? forever wasted on,
 Like insects in the evening sun,

When fading rays are falling o'er
 The scenes of some enchanted shore ;
 Or like rain-drops on the sand
 Of some scorched and barren land ;
 Or transient bubbles on the river,
 We glitter—and are gone forever !

Stranded upon an unknown shore,
 From billows whose mysterious roar,
 Is lost, as countless ages fly,
 In the gloom of past eternity ;
 Among the flowers and myrtle glide,
 That mantle youth's romantic tide ;
 Till urged by manhood's high desires,
 And the wild passion's quenchless fires,
 We rush with nameless beings blent,
 To bound life's narrow continent ;
 And on the cold rock, rudely cast,
 Of ruined hopes, expire at last.

Ye, careless, unconcerned, who deem,
 Passing down life's ambient stream,
 As though yourselves could never die,
 This fleeting age, immensity ;
 Where, tell me where, in the abyss
 Of future ages fathomless ;
 Or in oblivion's silent gloom,
 Of beauteous things the fated tomb,
 Will be a trace, of all that now
 Beglads the soul or lights the brow ?

Where then the honest feeling heart,
 Who sought no proud immortal part,
 Or honors for his lonely bed,
 To live when bosom friends are dead ?

Who, purer wreaths will simply weave,
In memory of the lost they grieve,
Than all the praise unmixed with scorn,
Of mortal millions yet unborn.

Palace, and monumental fane,
Reared for eternity in vain,
Like visions of the dreaming mind,
Decay, nor leave a wreck behind.
How heartfelt was the moral taught,
To him, who with a burning thought,
Beholding with a frenzied eye,
And all a poet's agony,
Wandered alone at close of day,
Among the ruins dim and grey,
Of antique towers and altars hoary,
And crumbling forms of Grecian glory !
Who saw the green and rank grass wave,
Above the tombs of fallen brave,
And mused amid the moss-grown halls,
Where pealed the songs of bacchanals,
When ancient Bards in tower or glen,
Sang of the deeds of warrior men.

And, down the stream of future years,
When ties, of boyhood's smiles and tears,
That bind the bright hearts briefly met,
While youth and beauty linger yet,
Are broken long, and o'er the serge
Of our green graves, the solemn dirge
Of countless ages passes on ;
And hearts that beat in unison,
Have mingled, to revive no more,
With dust of millions gone before ;
And our loved Country, for a day,
Shall have gloried to pass away,

Following in the human train,
As the world's Empires glide amain.

Perhaps, like wanderer in Greece,
Some friendly Bard from isle of peace,
Urged by the spell of antique lore,
Will pause awhile on this lone shore ;
Will stray to ruins of this scene,
Where all our early loves have been ;
But as the sigh of memory glows,
To some bright spirit that here arose,
The reptile from its solitude,
Will hiss in scorn his heart-felt mood ;
And owlets hoot in elfin calls
An echo from these hoary walls.

LINES

WRITTEN ON THE MISSISSIPPI, BELOW NATCHEZ.

FAIR is yon sun, as breaks on mellow morn,
O'er the high summits of the hills of Lorn,
That rear in Scotia, famed for sweetest scene,
Of shady mount or hawthorn dell of green ;
A blander breeze ne'er wafted from the isles,
Where summer laughs in ever verdant smiles,
Than rises freshly from the Eastern seas,
Or buoyant zephyrs from the Brassides.

When first I bade, ye hills of northern clime !
Adieu to scenes endeared in earlier time,
And broke the spell which ever binds the heart,
Of those who fondly love and sadly part ;
I little thought, in after journeying years,
To see earth smiling as she now appears,
Or feel the gloom dispelled, *some* memories bring,
By old December in a garb of Spring.

I fain believe, fair Country of the sun !
'Tis not in truth, the title thou hast won ;
For stories say, that on thy breezes bland,
A green-eyed pestilence scours the land ;
That dank dews fall, and bargemen rest their oars
Amid the vapors on thy gloomy shores ;
That through the long, sad, sultry, summer day,
No voice is vocal with a roundelay,
And the dull night, the croaking choir beguile—
And the drear marsh-note of the crocodile.

Here, lovely Villas greet the smiling sky,
And northern barks float downward lazily ;
And here and there some brig with sleeping sails,
Late from the tumult of the ocean gales,
Finds quiet rest—while now the toil's begun
Of men embrowned beneath a Southern sun ;
And hark ! as brighter opes the winter day,
The Empress gliding on her liquid way,
Ever and anon, resounds upon the shore—
The song of boatmen chiming to the oar :
And heard at distance on the booming wave,
Sung by ruffian or warm-hearted slave—
The deep, then, swelling chorus, 'far down below,'
Falls on the heart with melancholy glow.

But long the path, and irksome is the time,
Passed by wanderers ere they reach this clime :

And when long onward as we rapid glide,
 Borne on the bosom of the mighty tide,
 With nought to cheer us but the ceaseless boom,
 Waking the monsters in the forest gloom,
 Of fire and engine with infernal blast,
 Driving through regions desolate and vast ;
 What joy ! to burst upon a scene that smiles
 From out the horror of those dreary wilds ;
 What joy ! to view the fair sun rise again
 O'er mansion grand and cultivated plain.

NIGHT.

A LEMNIAN SCENE.

'Tis Night ! and yet the sparkling sky
 Bends silently o'er the dun ocean wave ;
 And in the azure glow that floats on high,
 And every star that crowds the vast concave,
 There is a light, soft in this sunless hour,
 That fills the heart with a mysterious power.

The Heavens broad, that curtain from afar,
 The sable Earth from the eternal shore,
 Whose breast, serene, despite creation's jar,
 And dropping orbs that fall to rise no more ;
 O'er varied scene, o'er hills and murmuring sea,
 Spread in their dewy garb their glorious canopy.

O'er all, a calm that seems the soothing soul,
 Blends with the rays that fill the blue expanse,
 O'er slumbering nature from the icy pole,
 Where noiseless meteors hold their airy dance ;
 To these fair isles, which from the ocean rise,
 Deck'd with a thousand flowers beneath the cloudless skies.

Here, day has ceased o'er tower and mountain steep,
 And mantling night has lit her lamps above,
 And hushed the chime that told the hour of sleep,
 And hushed the Lady in her dream of love ;
 The revel o'er, yet from her throbbing breast,
 The soul would seek, perchance, some region of the blest :

Where, free as fawn that treads the leafy mead,
 Pure as the snow on the untrodden hill,
 She had not wept o'er the tyrannic deed,
 That gave her beauty to a master's will ;
 Nor the young hearts that sought her native bowers,
 Have burst, beholding her high darkling haram towers.

On yon horizon's verge, the mountain peaks,
 Whose white rocks, reared from their immortal base,
 Have stood unmoved 'mid Nature's wildest freaks,
 And firm defied a deluge to deface ;
 Towering on high, the earth and skies between,
 Gleam like the glacier Alps beneath the stars serene.

Yet bleak and dreary rise *those* summits cold,
 On whose high brows are froze a thousand springs ;
 But fable here of sunny bowers have told,
 And soft the plaintive Philomela sings
 In copse and glade forever verdant drest,
 That deck its hoary sides like isles the ocean's breast.

And nature all, is mellowed by the breath
 Of silence mingling with the tranquil spheres,
 Lulled to a holy calm, as it were death,
 Or sad remembrance of more happy years,

When gloom comes o'er us, and the weary soul,
Broods with a heart-felt, dream-like sadness o'er the whole.

For, in this silent, feeling, fearful hour,
We look abroad upon a world asleep ;
The busy crowds that filled each glittering tower,
Lie noiseless as the waters of yon deep ;
While o'er the features of the varied clime,
We seem to gaze a lonely sentinel sublime.

How sweet in such a night, the voice of song
Swell's on the ear from the dim distant shore !
Borne by the breeze, the moon-lit lake along,
Soft as the wave it floats in music o'er.
Sweet as the murmur of the burning sigh,
Of maiden waking to the tones of melody.

How fair to see, 'mid tufts of verdant elm,
That crown the ridges of converging hills,
The bright spires pointing to the starry realm,
Decked with the mist the midnight air distils,
And fair the cottage with its mantle green,
Beside the murmuring brook, the music of the scene !

Now, sleepless lovers sigh beneath the moon,
And all unheard, the whispered vows are given ;
Now, restless mortals wish the morning soon,
And holy fancies climb the heights of heaven ;
While over all, unseen, with airy tread,
Gambol the million spirits of the harmless dead.

Hark ! long and loud breaks on the still air
A voice to wake the echoes of the night,
Proclaiming high the matin hour of prayer,
And thousands wake to con the holy rite ;
The charm is o'er—for Tython's rosy dame
Already up the East careers her steeds of flame.

THE MOON.

SOFT as a bride beneath the veil of night,
Yon full, round moon so beautifully fair,
Circling the East with her benignant light,
With dewy beams bedecks the azure air ;
And, like a prudent house-wife, only knows,
The smiles her constant, loving Lord bestows.

TIME.

AT a rapid pace sweeps on old Time,
His wrinkled visage in every clime,
Hushing the tones of a nation's mirth,
Cropping the flowers of the verdant earth.

Behold ! of yore a sister and brother,
Nurslings, were born of their hoary mother ;
And both were young, and her maiden dress,
Clad the smiling Earth in loveliness ;
And Time, though swift as he 's ever been,
Not dreaming yet that his scythe was keen,
Was blest with her, in their pristine bowers,
To merrily dance through the rosy hours.

Alas ! for the day, when Time was playing
Over the fields like a fairy straying,
He saw the shadow fall from his wing,
Like withering blight o'er the flowers of spring ;

And coursing on in his mad career,
Pale human Care, and corroding Fear,
And winter's Cold, and consuming Heat,
Like slaves, come crouching to his feet.

From that hour, the boy in his tyrant trade,
Conceived all things for his purpose made ;
And rushes forth and right onward speeds,
Untired by the toil of his mighty deeds ;
Alike are fallen the palace tower,
The monarch's might, and the pageant's power ;
The Indian altars of Semiramis,
And the marble domes of Acropolis.
But his scythe was sadly dulled at last,
By stroke at Mont Blanc, while wheeling past ;
And the monuments of Egyptian boast,
And cliffs that tower on the Norman coast,
Have stood unscathed through many an age,
From the power of Time or the tempest's rage.

And if all be true, that patriots feign,
If patriot blood be not shed in vain,
If fondest dreams of the poet's heart
Omen the glory his hopes impart ;
Then they, who fought for our Liberty Tree,
And died like men who swear to be free,
With gushing blood, and the sweat of their toil,
Have given it root in American soil ;
And proudly its branches shall wave on high,
Till Time is wrecked in Eternity.

THE BROKEN-HEARTED.

But yesterday ! we saw her in her youth,
 Gay, blandly smiling, yet so full of truth ;
 Walking in modesty of inward grace,
 With all the seraph in her beaming face,
 As in reality she wandered here,
 Some fair inhabitant of brighter sphere ;
 So artless in love, wanting all vain pride,
 With every soft dream of the virgin bride ;
 In her early youth when loved by all,
 She reigned the May Queen of her father's hall.
 Behold her now ! deserted and alone,
 She hears the low wind and the tempest's moan,
 While o'er her shrunk form and dishevelled hair,
 Fall the vapors damp, of the midnight air ;
 And on her wan visage, though young in years,
 Are worn the channels of unnumbered tears.

A change in the veil of night outspread,
 Comes over its mysteries dim and dread ;
 The winds are fallen, the storm has ceased,
 The stars beam mellow in the azure east ;
 But joyance e'en cloudless skies impart,
 Come not to the broken and bleeding heart ;
 Pale Dian uprears from the darkling cloud,
 Enveloping her orb like a sable shroud ;
 But loveless and dim is the sunken eye,
 That greets her smile from her throne on high,
 And the spheres that brightly in ether roam,
 Seem beckoning to her from their happy home.

She starts from her vigils !—'tis the tread
 Of the wretch—scarce living, and yet not dead—
 She loved, she loves him—for nothing can change
 A woman's love, or her heart estrange !

* * * * *

The morning's first light on the flowery heath,
Its purple colors and fragrant breath,
Bring nothing to her, but the ceaseless sigh—
Companion of her lengthened misery ;
And she wanders forth in its mellow light,
Like blasted spirit from realm of night ;
Like tenant in unearthly region bred,
From the cold embrace of the vaulted dead.

Wretched girl ! the gems that shone
In bridal hour, are dimmed and gone ;
That form is bowed by chilling fears,
Those young eyes burnt with burning tears ;
In contrast mournfully the morn,
Drinking dew from flower and thorn,
Falls smilingly on her pallid frame,
Kissing her livid lips with flame ;
Alas ! is this the withering doom,
Of her, who late in girlish bloom,
Gave tokens of all loveliness,
That ever strewed a life with bliss ;
'Now soiled the current of her sinless years,
And turned her pure heart's blood to tears.'

STANZAS.

I ROAMED afar 'neath the star of eve,
With the beautiful girl I love ;
When falling dews for the sun did grieve,
And the moon shone brightly above.

I sat on the turf by the murmuring stream,
Entranced in the spell of her eye ;
From the startling kiss and the wandering dream,
To gaze out on the glowing sky.

And as the stars were sinking to rest,
Following the departed sun,
With her pillow'd cheek on my fervent breast,
Kissed adieu to them, one by one.

Yet, oh ! at morn when the moon had set,
And the matin bell warned us of day,
She lingered still with the tears of regret,
And I wept while I kissed them away.

ODE.

SUGGESTED BY THE THIRTY-SIXTH ODE OF ANACREON.

COULD mortal lore possess the power,
To lengthen out life's transient hour,
And brighten with unfading bloom,
The hues our youthful cheeks illume—
Endow us with immortal youth,
Advancing to the heights of truth,
And charm us ever on our way,
By Virtue's purest, heavenly ray ;
Ah ! who would wish to leave so soon,
This life, for any future boon,

Or change unnumbered beauties here,
For glories of an untried sphere ?
But since no mortal lore has power,
To lengthen out life's transient hour,
And hues of youthful beauty gone,
Proclaim old age advancing on,
And all life's miseries combine,
To bar the rays of truth divine ;
And with a feeble, fading ray,
Virtue beguiles our dreary way ;
Oh ! who would wish to leave here never,
But plod this dark, dull world forever ?
Why hope for gifts that never were given ?
Mine be the glorious gifts of heaven,
To pluck the flowers that blooming rise,
By the ambient rivers of paradise ;
To be clothed in the form of immortal youth,
And bask in the sun of Eternal Truth.

EPITAPH.

ON A DRUNKARD.

HERE lieth, beneath these crumbling stones,
One of Earth's prone and favorite sons,
Who scorned the rays of heavenly light,
And gave his soul to the god of night ;

Forswearing the bliss that virtue brings,
Rioting in darkness' hidden things.
Grog was his idol, till hour of death
He worshipped it and breathed its breath,
Till the burning thing and fiery flame,
A part at last of himself became ;
His strength, which left him devoid of power,
His life, which hastened his dying hour :
And though while living, from year to year,
He was tippling rake with his comrades here ;
He has gone beyond all sounds of mirth,
To feed the worms of the teeming earth,
Who will sport and dance in drunken feast,
O'er a human born, who died a beast !
Alas ! the poor ghost will wander forever,
On the gloomy shores of the Stygian river,
Blue, meteor-like, transient, and frisky,
The bodied effervescence of gin and whisky.

HOME.

How sweet the ties that bind us to our home !
The green field's foliage and the verdant bowers,
Through which in childhood we have loved to roam,
Chasing with playful feet the vernal hours.

The rising sun, gilding the rosy dawn,
How fair to beings of the joyous earth !
But fairer still his first rays o'er the lawn,
Among whose flowers we've sported from our birth.

How sweet to hear the lark at early light!
And still at eve the lonely nightingale;
Calm o'er our home gather the shades of night,
And soft the streamlet of our native vale.

But sweeter far, the fond, endearing tie,
That springs spontaneous from affection's part,
The smiles that beam in the parental eye,
Bespeaking all the fondness of the heart.

Who cannot feel, to look o'er childhood's years,
That there is love that never can subside?
Shrined within the soul, whose gushing tears,
Flow for our ill, though all rejoice beside.

Unchanged, it glows through varied life the same,
To ope' the beauties of the infant year,
To guide the ardor of the youthful flame,
And weep for acts of manhood's wild career.

'Tis this, that makes the name of home more sweet,
'Tis this, that cheers the weary wanderer's breast,
In hopes that distant, kindred souls may meet,
And still beneath a father's roof be blest.

EDEN.

A FRAGMENT.

SERENE and calm the evening fell,
O'er all the scenes of sweet device;
O'er hillock green and flowery dell,
And murmuring stream of Paradise;

The wild beast sought his verdant lair,
 Not stained with gore of murdered prey,
 As conscious of the heaven there,
 Dreamed harmlessly the night away.

The evening bird poured forth her song,
 High 'mong the fruitful branches hid,
 As mildly shone the moon along
 The hills, her glories canopied.

No hum of cities broke the spell,
 Which clad in moonlight Eden's fields ;
 No rushing sounds of tempests fell,
 Or voice convulsing nature yields,

Rode on the breeze forever calm,
 As fans those oriental skies,
 Where airiest phantasies embalm,
 All that devotion can devise.

E'er Heaven's word omnipotent,
 Bade light from gloomy darkness rise,
 And young Earth became the parent
 Of all that blooms, and fades, and dies,

What was the void ? Dare we to climb
 Thus, on creation's dismal verge,
 From which we spy no remnant clime,
 But whence a thousand worlds emerge ?

Dread Chaos ! Demons wander there,
 And now in fiendish amity,
 Man's paradise, that like a star,
 Hath lodged on black eternity,
 They swear to desolate, crush Heaven !
 The rebels from thy portals driven.

THE PROFLIGATE.

An outcast thing! upon the world despised,
 Vile misery, in glittering garb disguised ;
 With smile of innocence and beaming eye,
 To grace a *wreck* of frail mortality ;
 Like flowers, that chance or mockery flings
 O'er the pollution of the vilest things.
 But is no pity in man's cruel heart,
 To pause, e'er he condemn the wretched part
 Of this poor girl? Had kindest power
 Of culture fallen on her early hour,
 And the soft influence of parental love,
 Warned the young virtues from the wish to rove,
 Might not the beauty of that girlish face,
 Have beamed with brightness of an inward grace,
 And that young heart, where early crimes appear,
 Have spread an influence in a virtuous sphere?
 Then fall the curse of the envenomed tongue!
 Upon the wretch, who wanders yet unhung ;
 Who dared approach, with an unhallowed sense,
 The maiden altars of her innocence ;
 With words of guile, and an enrapturing eye,
 Breaking the barriers of young modesty,
 To sport in ruin, and to leave her, hurled—
 A base abandoned, on the unpitying world.

NATURE.

Cœlumque tueri jussit.

AH, Nature! gazing o'er thy face,
 The soul reflects each lovely trace ;
 And kindles with the heavenly fires,
 And with the fanning air respires ;

And while thy fond enchantments last,
 And Memory wanders on the past—
 How loved each by-gone scene appears,
 Through vistas of thine onward years !
 E'en now, I turn my thoughts to heaven,
 Flushed with feelings thou hast given ;
 While standing on the streamlet's shore,
 To gaze the wild, fair picture o'er ;
 To feel myself a part of all,
 That daily bloom or nightly fall
 Around me, and in words impart
 A spell and omen to the heart :
 The twilight hum, the verdant trees,
 Whose foliage rustles in the breeze,
 The crystal waves, ethereal gems,
 The azure mountain diadems ;
 Time, past and present, fraught with doom
 Of mortals, pointing to the tomb ;
 Sun, moon, and all the radiant spheres,
 Still youthful 'mid unnumbered years—
 Breathe to the heart, which longing, fain
 Would plunge into the starry main,
 And drink from fountains at their birth,
 The depths of all we feel on earth.

STANZAS

ON THE DEATH OF AN INFANT NIECE.

As the fair flower blooming at eventide,
 In all the beauty nature can inspire,
 Beneath the chilling dew, hath withering died,
 So didst thou smile, and smiled but to expire.

Thus fondest hopes have withered on a bier,
The chain is rent, that held thee from the sky ;
And, gentle spirit ! canst thou whisper near,
With angel tongue—what didst thou gain to die ?

Unconscious still, from whence, or what thou wert,
Yet, on existence rock, not flung in vain ;
Though passing strange, in Nature's mystic art,
Why the fair gift was claimed so soon again,

Yet, here is what, must still the clamorous crew
Would measure powers seraphs only feel ;
As far from thought, as heaven from our view,
Thy course, Great God, let mortal reason yield !

LINEs,

WRITTEN IN ORLEANS, JULY, 1833.

LET me be laid where the roses bloom,
Above the turf of my lonely tomb ;
The rose, when its summer glow is fled,
Will be emblem of the heart that's dead ;
And the silent eve, with dews that weep,
Will sweetly soothe my eternal sleep.

I would not wish my humble bed,
Profaned by the heartless gazer's tread ;
Or that passengers in mournful tale,
Name the lonely tenant of the vale ;

But be far adown some flowery dell,
 Where the voice of brooks and breezes swell—
 May cheer my spirit with their power,
 When it lingers there in moonlight hour.
 There, if some friend may stray to its shade,
 To deck my grave with flowers that fade ;
 Or the young and happy, pause to weep
 On the throbbing heart, at last asleep ;
 Ah! let them affection's tributes pay,
 With the tears of youth, and haste away ;
 For the sunny world, and pleasures gay,
 Bids them enjoy them while they may.
 The smiles of love, the moments of bliss,
 Beguiling the heart from loneliness,
 In this fated world, are flowers that bloom,
 On the solemn precincts of the tomb.

TO MISS ——.

HARD is the heart that cannot feel,
 When weeps the wretched, ruined maid ;
 That cannot sympathize, to heal
 The broken heart, by love betrayed.

Though men despise the tears that flow,
 By sorrow and repentance given ;
 Dear Girl ! such tributes of thy wo,
 Will meet with smiles in heaven.

TRAVELS OF A DEVIL OF FASHION.

A FRAGMENT OF A LONG POEM, SOMEWHAT IN THE TASTE
OF THE TIMES.

‘WEARY of my native glade,
Taking up the travelling trade,
After having made a call,
At the modest lunar ball ;
Like a wizzard on my spear,
Down I rode to Saturn’s sphere ;
And on day of masquerade,
Debut at the palace made ;
Just from out the forest green,
I ventured to salute the queen,
Who being madam of fourscore,
Set the palace in uproar ;
For wonder how a stranger dare,
Use such freedoms with the fair.

‘Far from the congenial ray,
That lends to Venus warmer day,
What meaner passions do absorb,
The beings of this icy orb :
The prince attained the regal chair,
Alone for his military air ;
When all the nation was at peace,
His cabinet, a gang of *geese*,
Headed by one A—s K—d—ll,
Who, making honors vendible,
Swears, the nation he could buy,
If he possessed the treasury ;
Which, the Prince, poor weak man,
Thinks most eligible plan.

‘During stay at Saturn’s court,
Which was destined to be short,

I bethought to use my eyes,
To the fashions as they rise ;
And since have learned, to my amaze,
The same are in these latter days,
In vogue, from Belles of Gallic city,
To ————— of Cincinnati :
For in old times, their grandams say,
‘ Virtue’s guard, was hoop and stay ;’
Which served as kind of lock and close,
‘Gainst inroads of felonious beaux ;
Alas ! the change of human things !
Whalebone, corsets, cramping strings,
Make virtue and *true* modesty,
Very superfluous commodity.
This I learned, partly between
The inexorable British Queen,
And the beautiful blooming Adela,
Fourteenth wife of Ibrahim Pacha,
Reclining on an ottoman,
In a palace of the sun.
‘ So having got my fill
Of French fashion and quadrille,
Imbibed as many foppish airs,
As an ourang-outang at prayers ;
Thinking the very sun was rude,
If he did not smile like mincing prude,
To shield me from his daring ray,
Navarino took, *et cetera*,
Equipped in tight pants, *a la mode*,
Across my wizzard spear bestrode,
And in a journey of a year,
Landed on my native sphere.
Horror of horrors ! the very night,
Was frightened at so strange a sight ;

And stalking o'er my native land,
With eye-glass and cane in hand,
Looking, vaporing, precisely
Like the young novelist D'Israeli ;
Hushed were murmurings of the fountains,
The beasts ran frightened to the mountains ;
All nature was in strange confusion,
At the singular intrusion.

‘ About this period of young Time,
In the sunny eastern clime,
A garden of delight was given,
Adorned with all the flowers of heaven ;
And all productions, rich and rare,
To a young, lovely, loving pair,
Who, ’neath the smiling skies above,
Hymned their first and early love.
Straying one day rather late,
I came to Eden’s western gate,
And saw within her verdant bowers,
Young Eve entwining wreaths of flowers ;
And having, what is strange for me,
Felt press of time and *ennui*,
For, next to converse with a friend—
If heaven e’er a true one send,
(Sinking spirits require some fuel)
Is an amour or a duel ;
We were, as very natural,
The quickest friends imaginable.
Had she been bred up in a city,
With Mrs. *Rumford* chaperone ;
I never saw so fine a human,
Except, perhaps, one Yankee woman ;
That she was tempted and consented,
Then wept and bitterly repented ;

Means but just this, if you 'll discern it,
Truth may be best before we *learn it*.

From fatal hour of my birth,
Long as I 've wandered upon earth,
For purposes generous and true,
I 've taken names of every *virtue* ;
But some bad fate would happen in,
And turn it instantly to sin :
And now men call me **Liberty**,
Whene'er I seek the upper sky,
And shower on me honors thick,
And I will turn them lunatic ;
And lead their favorite **Democracy**,
The veriest mad dance of mobocracy.'

Not yet, the chariot of the sun,
His bright, diurnal course has run ;
But wheels adown the western verge,
E're the twinkling stars emerge,
Lighting with a golden dye,
The azure of the ethereal sky ;
When whisk, the Devil merrily
Bounds from cavern in the sea,
And now his purple wings expand,
Over the wave and over the land,
And waft upon the fresh'ning wind,
And leaves the eastern shore behind ;
Over the rivers rolling bright,
Over the lofty mountain's height,
To chase the pale moon to her rest,
Far o'er the cities of the west.

Oft from the lower, nether world,
The sprites for sin from heaven hurled,
Fly up to earth in leisure hours,
And perch, as erst in Eden's bowers ;

And fain forget their destined den,
 In laughing o'er the ways of men ;
 Some perch upon the ocean isles,
 Whose rock, the wandering bark beguiles,
 And chuckle, as the ruthless gales
 Are winged, with torn and riven sails,
 As vessels, rudderless and rent,
 Baffle the winds and seas unspent ;
 And mock the last hopes of the few,
 The remnant of a gallant crew,
 Unyielding, e'en though hope has flown,
 To sink at last without a groan ;
 And deem as sweetest melody,
 The loud shriek on a stormy sea.

Some come to light in eastern clime,
 Where turbaned Sultans reign sublime ;
 And hear, unseen by even Magi,
 The Divan's sage philosophy !
 Where crime of being born a king,
 Is punished by the sack or string ;
 No incense can to heaven arise,
 So sweet as Grecian mother's cries ;
 Nought so swiftly reach the throne,
 As blood on Mahmoud's altar strown.

Some weary of a long transgression,
 Assume, on earth, a learned profession :
 As fiddler, or My Lady's prig,
 Or judge, with robe and periwig ;
 Or counter-beau, or exquisite,
 Hiding in *squares* the cloven feet ;
 Or on the camp-ground's solemn scene,
 Prowling around with holy mien,
 And loudly baying to the moon,
 With tail concealed in pantaloon ;

Which seen by chance, the ladies snicker,
As in the case of parson V—ck—e.

But after all, there 's many a sprite,
Of better taste, and more polite,
Who, like Belinda's sylphs of air,
Prepares for masquerades the fair ;
Filling the heads of youthful belles,
With bracelets, trinkets, and prunelles ;
Or, such the versatility
Of genius, given to these gentry ;
Some over courtly broils preside,
Aloft in state, the judge beside ;
Or sit at ease in cabinet hall,
With V—n, A—s, and the G—n—r—l.

'Tis night, the barbecue is o'er,
And aldermen begin to snore,
And music swells upon the air,
From out the Museum or Bazaar ;
The wife grows weary for the groom,
From city-hall or counting-room ;
And young collegians seek the shade,
With some dusky, laughing maid ;
Certain priests and learned scholars,
Prefer a mixture of the colors !

By a pale lamp's fading glare,
Lounging in a great arm-chair,
Sits Publio, drunk with wine,
'Mid fumings of the weed divine ;
His dreams are of the wavering kind,
Most fill the politician's mind ;
For now he thinks himself a Tully,
And now, a reeking grog-shop bully ;
Now he seems bowing at a ball,
Now, ranting in a senate hall ;
And now, amid a motley crowd,
Vaunting loudest of the loud ;

And with vociferous volubility,
 Trying the people's gullibility.
 Lo ! who should enter but the Devil,
 Yet, like a gentleman and civil,
 And fearful to disturb his friend,
 Waits patient for his slumber's end ;
 And to pass time 's well he can,
 Writes a column for the R-p-bl-c-n.

But the Devil bethought himself to stir,
 He'd a night to spend with T-yl-r W-bs--r ;
 So roused up Publio, e'er the day,
 To tell him the news in America ;
 If the appropriation was begun,
 And the currency undone,
 All extra allowance specified,
 Bank crushed, and T-n-y bribed.

* * * * *

The Devil relates, that on one eve,
 When shades, the rays of daylight leave,
 O'er the Potomac 'gan to fall,
 He cocked his tail o'er the Capitol ;
 And looked around 'mong all his friends,
 For one, best suited to his ends ;
 First, there was B-nt-n, little worth,
 Too full of metaphor and froth ;
 And general J—ks-n, but his age,
 Pity he left the hermitage ;
 And K—d-ll, vile, and gaunt, and grim,
 The Devil turned up his nose at him ;
 And after all his scrutiny past,
 He took his old friend V-n at last.

Said Publio, ' I should presume,
 For character you would assume,
 Your proper person, not V-n B-r-n,
 To lead men fastest to their ruin.'

The Devil said, ' assuredly,
A Mortal, if a *fort esprit* :
Can be, with proper qualifications,
Most dangerous to the rights of nations ;
An Autocrat, with popular art,
Courageous, yet without a heart ;
With an ambition to be famous,
And pimps and underlings like A—s ;
To do such offices, as gentility
Will not allow to the nobility.'

To say it, may seem harsh, I know,
But *inter nos*, there 's C—ss and Co ;
I won't waste breath with each one's name,
As Firm in the politic game—
I've never had such useful servant,
I swear, since the Rump Parliament ;
For I watch them in their dreams,
And fill them with ambitious schemes ;
And many a politic wile,
And teach to ape, and lie, and smile ;
That and agreeable outside,
The blackness of the heart may hide ;
And bid them rake the country round,
Wherein a part'san can be found ;
As minion of the cabinet,
That all may write, and rave, and fret—
Against the mammoth institution,
Threat'ning the country's dissolution ;
And all, to turn the people's eye,
From robberies on the treasury.

* * * * *

THE SUICIDE.*

SOME friends I have,
 And some are in the grave ;
 And the loved One is far away,
 And cannot come to save ;
 They tell me she is blest,
 —— Be it so !
 I would no eye on my unrest,
 Or witness of my wo.
 A horror gathers o'er my soul,
 Yet tearless is mine eye ;
 Like ages, do my moments roll,
 O'erclouded is my sky ;
 Youth wasted, hopes blighted,
 Ah ! I am doubly curs'd !
 Lone, desolate, benighted,
 And will my heart not burst ?
 God ! the sun of my life has set,
 But this !—ah ! this ! shall teach me to forget.

STANZAS.

THERE is a form, perchance of air,
 With which the fervent fancy teems ;
 Fairy as dream, and fleeting fair,
 As golden dew in morning beams.

* The pieces which follow, are some that I did not intend to publish, when the Preface was written; but, 'alas ! 'tis hard to burn.' It would be apology to most of them, should I specify the time of life in which they were written; but I do not do it. It might seem like attaching too much importance to trifles.

J. F. C.

Nor can all bards have said or sung,
 Of seraphs clothed in azure dyes,
Who dwell in bliss, and wander 'mong
 The flowery streams of paradise,

Equal that loveliest image, still,
 Forever flitting o'er my thought ;
Whose transient gleamings wildly fill
 The heart with bliss that dies uncaught.

Tell me, ye Fates, that form unknown,
 Doth not my ruling stars descry,
The unseen, lovely, long-lost one,
 The sunlight of my destiny.

THE VOW.

By the light that shines on high,
By the nameless spirits nigh,
That hover in this solemn hour,
With wierd spells and hallowed power ;
By every star that looks in love,
Soft and trembling from above ;
And the wind, that sighing grieves,
'Mong the autumn's yellow leaves ;
And voice of brooks, benign and holy,
Soothing the soul to melancholy ;
By all these, whose language blest,
Sweetly soothes the loving breast ;

Harmonizing all the scene,
Livened by thy voice and mien,
Sweet Girl ! I will forget thec never,
But love thee, fondly and forever.

TO MISS M—— W——,

OF THE COUNTRY.

AMID the splendors of the gilded throng,
Allured by fashion, lulled by festive song ;
Rich are the folds on fragile beauty's dress,
Yet emblems faint of real happiness.
Around our hearts, such charms may cling awhile,
Absorbing thought with fascinating wile,
Until, alas ! poor, dazzled victims led,
We clasp a form, and curse the beauty fled.

Where can we find the cheek's unsullied glow,
If not in bowers where healthy breezes blow ?
Least vain fashion, with native loveliness,
Lengthens her path, nor makes her pleasure less ;
The limpid brook, the jetty ringlet's curls,
The rapturing smile, enshrined on beauty's pearls
I love ; but dearer love thine artless kiss,
And rosy smile, beaming with cheerfulness.

THE ADVICE,

BY REQUEST.

DOES he long for the bliss your smile can bestow,
And sigh for a wish in thy angelic breast ?
Repulse, for awhile, the warm feelings that glow,
For granting at last, you make him more blest ;

As the flower that grows on a dangerous brink,
The truant regards as spoil of the brave—
Will climb in pursuit, where the timorous shrink,
And love it most, for the trouble it gave.

ELIZABETH.

WHY would we weep ? when all around,
Wild music wakes her magic sound ;
And melody, from dewy thorn,
Still welcomes the returning morn ;
And verdure of the mingled trees,
Gay rustles in the twilight breeze ;
And varied charms, in joyous hour,
Breathe to the heart, their soothing power.

Nature, kind and lovely still,
Has fairest forms, the soul to fill ;
And glories of her changing sheen,
To buoy sad Melancholy's mien ;

And brighten in its darkest mood,
The breast's lone, dreary solitude.

But we must weep! to part at eve—
—And feel how parting can bereave—
With her, whose form, beguiling bright,
Has won us by its artless light ;
Nor ceased with morning's early beam,
To hover o'er the startled dream—
When charms, her images reveal,
May wound the heart they cannot heal.

Thus, when this cheerful day is done,
And twilight hies the setting sun ;
And spheres with gilded orbs of dew,
Bedeck the blue sky's deeper blue ;
And fancy flashes sadness o'er,
Like meteors on a moonless shore ;
While busy memory fondly strays,
O'er pensive scenes of other days ;
I'll think of Her, and fervent pour,
The feelings of that lonely hour ;
I'll think of her, whose image flown,
Has left this heart, bereaved—alone.

TO MISS —.

Ah! I little dreamed, while gazing o'er
Thy eye of love, thy sunny brow,
That I should only prize thee more,
When lost forever, as thou art now ;

Yet, Dearest, can thy heart allow,
 In fortunes of a coming day,
 That lips can breathe a purer vow ;
 Or blander smiles, thy pangs allay,
 When coldness meets thee, and when men betray ?

We met unconscious, had we never !
 Then had I thoughtless passed along,
 Nor known the anguish, hearts that sever
 Must feel amid the laughing throng ;
 Where peals thy own loved, hallowed song,
 That charmed me oft in sweetest tone ;
 Now, Memory, melancholy strong,
 Recalls some scenes, long since have flown,
 Back on my heart, all desolate and lone.

Come ! as oft thou wert wont in smiles,
 And cheer me in this loneliness ;
 Though nought around the mind beguiles,
 The hearts will never cling the less ;
 Damp air may on our foreheads press,
 And dew upon the forest leaves,
 The moon—sweet moon, is in the west,
 Come near ! one hour from thee bereaves,
 One kiss atones for all that parting grieves.

In the cold world where you depart,
 Still smiling on, as thou hast smiled ;
 Ah ! may thy purity of heart,
 N'er know one shadow it beguiled ;
 When pausing in my being wild,
 I gazed upon thy loveliness—
 And almost wished myself a child,
 To clasp thee in the fond caress,
 Nor stain thy bosom in the wish to bless.

Farewell ! we never more may meet—
The moments of our love are past ;
Blest moments ! all of my life that 's sweet
They bring, but are not doom'd to last !
Thus o'er the stream while flowing fast,
As thoughtless youth and beauty glide ;
Bright flowers, by summer breezes cast,
May float awhile in transient pride,
Then sink forever beneath the headlong tide.

TO MISS ——.

WHILE the changing scenes of our life may last,
Fond friends must meet and smile to sever ;
But, thy memory Dear, where'er I am cast,
Will beam bright on my heart forever.

We briefly meet in the morning of life,
We may never in a future day ;
I go, to mingle in a world of strife,
You loving, loved, on your smiling way.

Yet, one fond prayer shall ever be mine,
Be your life like dreams of the morrow !
Ever blythe and gay, as the wreath you twine,
And your young heart never know sorrow.

I 've gazed the while on thy beautiful eye,
 Deep love, and mild sadness, concealing ;
 Too plainly read, what it could not deny,
 The heart's unknown fulness of feeling.

And blest is the youth, who shall boldly dare,
 With talisman to true love given,
 To unlock the beautiful treasure there,
 And be worthy a saintship in heaven.

TO —.

WHY weep, Dear Lady ? look with me,
 Upon yon smiling heaven ;
 While fall o'er flowery scenes of earth,
 The lovely hues of even.

Perhaps, the spirit of the hour,
 When sadly dews are falling,
 Comes o'er thy heart in melting power,
 Some lost joys recalling.

Or cast upon a desert world,
 The memory of years ;
 Or broken dreams of early bliss,
 Have dimmed thine eye with tears ;

Take, Dearest, my heart 's offering
 Sympathy with thine own ;
 For joys, that never can return,
 And sorrows I have known.

And now, beneath this mellow moon,
And stars that trembling shine,
Come to the heart that breaks for thee,
And blend thy tears with mine!

STANZAS.

BY MY FRIEND B******, U. S. N.

BE the billow ever my place of rest,
And the lov'd, gallant barque my home ;
Where'er danger calls for the daring breast,
Or the storms and hurricanes roam.

O ! give me my barque, on the rolling sea,
With her wings to the tempest bending ;
A sailor's joy, 'mid the brave and the free—
My country and flag defending.

And when she calls, and I lie with the dead,
Closed the last dreams on my ocean pillow—
I ask only tears, by my comrades shed,
And a grave, 'neath the dark rolling billow.

STANZAS.

AH, Flora! sylph of each ideal dream,
That swells the fancy of this fervent heart—
Is there a wish that wisdom may redeem,
All lost for thee as lovely as thou art?
And seize again Ambition's towering part,
Which woos me onward in her high career;
Since all the hopes my youthful years impart,
Are crushed and withered on an early bier,
And claim of love, alone, remembrance and a tear.

How beautiful is love! yet humbler far,
To mark the tablet of life's changing form,
Gilded by rays of some congenial star,
Absorbing all the soul's affection warm—
Than to be envied 'mid Commotion's storm,
And lawless through the halls of empire rave;
What pure emotions such wild breasts adorn,
Or angel hand protects from shoals deprave,
To pluck fair Friendship's flower, and deck death's humble
grave?

Thou lovely, loving thing! smile in thy power,
O'er prostrate hearts before thy hallowed shrine!
I've gazed upon thy charms, and sighed the hour,
O'er fading tints my fancy made divine;
And as my native sun, I've hailed thee shine,
To tame each passion in thy milder ray;
But, powers of Heaven! why cannot ye combine
Such loveliness, with aught but fragile clay,
Nor murder human hearts with phantoms of a day?

Oh! dear, departed Shade! fair child of heaven,
Who e'en now woos me to her happy home;
Grant, in thy angel form, all thou hast given,
When from the arms that clasped, I could not roam;
Now flung, alas! on life's relentless foam,
To mourn o'er lingering visions of the past—
Which flit in shadows o'er my childhood's dome,
Recalling all which Heaven forbade to last—
Oh! that such lovely morn should ever be o'ercast!

MISS ____.

FAREWELL, dearest Girl, I protest,
It never will do; we must part!
Yet, remembrance of hours you've blest,
Will forever dwell in my heart.

For the best of all reasons, my dear!
Though mortal, alas! very weak,
I would not for worlds, that a tear
Should sully that innocent cheek.

By Heavens! the thought e'en would slay,
And how pure was our parting kiss!
Sad thought! to intrude in the way
Of the sweet Girl's vision of bliss.

TO ELLEN.

Partly an imitation of the Fifth Ode of Horace.

AH, Ellen! what presuming one,
Perfumed with roses and cologne ;
Are you devising to ensnare,
To whom you curl your auburn hair ;
Sweeter than the blooming flower,
In your mother's neat parlour ?
Better had he launched his bark,
Upon an ocean wild and dark :
Where storms and hurricanes prevail,
Without a rudder or a sail ;
Than thus unskilled in woman's wile,
To trust to your deceitful smile ;
Hoping, by any human charms,
To make you faithful to his arms.
I think, you little roguish fay !
Ever stealing the heart away,
You 'll long use witchery in vain,
E'er you charm my own again—
By vowing love for me alone,
And then deceive me, as you 've done.
For, if I risk another look,
I swear it, by the big 'ha' book,
The love you have compelled me loth,
May be the ruin of us both ;
I 'll teach you, what you 've taught me do,
I can ensnare as well as you.

TO MISS ____.

KIND soul ! to bid me forget,
 Nor think of my love to repine ;
 I will, and scorn to regret,
 Such a flirt can never be mine.

In vain, I dreamed thy young mind,
 Had charms my fond heart could adore ;
 But, fie ! thou art false as the wind,
 I swear I will love thee no more !

MARY'S KISS.

THE dew upon the smiling green,
 The beams of the mild evening queen,
 The rising sun to cheer the soul,
 The valley blending hues of gold,
 The murmur of the babbling brook,
 Coquettes that chatter like a book—
 Not all, can bring my heart such bliss,
 As little Mary's artless kiss.

STANZAS.

THE sun had sunk behind the trees,
 The sky was clear, the moon was bright ;
 The glittering stars were wont to please,
 And render soft the scene of night.

No rushing waters roughed the mind,
Or whistling winds along the grove ;
Nought but a gentle noise refined,
Of murmuring brooks so dear to love.

As there we sat, beside the stream,
Upon the bank, where roses lie ;
The fond embrace, the sidelong beam
Of glances, trembling in her eye,

Bespoke, what I shall never tell,
'Twas by the brook, in soft September,
And 'neath the elm, I know it well,
And dearest Jane will long remember.

MY MOTHER.

THOU hast loved me, My Mother !
As a mother loves only ;
And afar, sad and lonely,
Oh ! I think on—My Mother.

All my brothers, My Mother,
Now, are dead, or departed,
And thou art broken-hearted,
Oh ! I weep for—My Mother.

Thou hast loved me, My Mother,
And *thy* love was true only ;
Now, my sad heart is lonely
Oh ! still love me—My Mother !

VENUS' BOWER.

IN this bright bower, where roses bloom,
 And verdant tendrils spread their shade ;
 And zephyrs wafting mild perfume,
 Might rival breeze of Cyprian glade ;
 Meet me, Dearest, 'neath the power
 Of twilight's soft and rosy hour ;
 And while I languish for thy smile,
 From melting eyes of love the while,
 I'll fain believe it Venus' Bower,
 And this sweet spot, your own bright isle.

STANZAS

WRITTEN WHILE LISTENING TO A SERENADE, IN CINCINNATI.

Lenesque sub noctem sussuri.

Hor. Ode ix.

No murmuring wind to mar
 The silence of the night ;
 Like Julia's eye, each star
 Slumbers in liquid light.

Hark ! softest music steals
 Along the midnight air ;
 The gentle voice reveals
 Fond love, for lady fair.

Now, swells a feeling power,
 In every melting tone ;
 The maiden in her bower
 Will weep when they are gone.

Alas ! such tones inspire
 Young bosoms, warm and gay,
 With fond dreams of desire,
 That witchingly betray.

E'en now, perhaps, with joy,
 She, blooming in her charms,
 Rewards her minstrel boy,
 By gliding to his arms.

To parents, fondly loving,
 This warning will belong ;
 To keep your girls from roving,
 Beware the child of song !

TO A FLY.

OUT ON ! the little, buzzing thing !
 That woke me with its cursed sting ;
 Just in the middle of my dream,
 Sleeping beside the limpid stream,
 Methought the night was gathering o'er
 The beauties of a lonely shore ;
 The scene was lovely in repose,
 The first dew-drop upon the rose ;
 And near, adown the shady vale,
 Sweetly caroled the nightingale ;
 The cold moon, absent from the sky,
 But Venus beamed with mellow eye ;
 When, with a maiden's fond alarms,
 Ellen came stealing to my arms ;
 I sat upon the flowery bank,
 And rapture from her beauty drank ;

Sighing for some things I should not,
Vowing almost, that I would not ;
And twixt the two, I know not why,
The roguish girl, with laughing eye,
Me, playing with her auburn tresses,
Nearly smothered with caresses ;
I saw her blue eye sparkling shine,
I felt her burning lip to mine ;
Her neck, and warm cheek, blushing o'er,
And in a little moment more,
Had been as blest as Nell could make me,
When, damn the fly, it had to wake me.

FAR AWAY O'ER THE BILLOW.

WE think on the past, and the vow 's fondly spoken,
When the silence of night steals over our pillow ;
On the bright eyes faded, and the hearts long broken,
In the land of our love, far away o'er the pillow.

Ah ! often in grief, when my heart 's sad and lonely,
I think of the stream, and its dark, waving willow,
And the dear one's smile, that beamed for me only,
In the land of my love, far away o'er the pillow.

FRAGMENT.

THE moon shines on the river,
 The mists are on the mountain,
 No breath, the leaf to quiver,
 Or curl the crystal fountain ;
 And 'neath their starry cover,
 At the dewy hour of even,
 A maiden and her lover,
 Gaze on the purple heaven.

Her face is all that 's fair,
 And smiling as the sky ;
 While his, the sad-like air,
 Pale cheek, but tearless eye.
 The one more lovely even,
 Than fairy light above,
 To whom his soul is given,
 May *befriend*, but cannot love.

One look, perhaps the last,
 Now, on the rocky height,
 O'ertowering the ocean vast,
 They stand the lonely night ;
 He asks no fond adieu,
 Her *pride* withholds the smile,
 That blander than the dew,
 Would his every wo beguile.

He looks upon that eye ;
 She gazes on the deep ;
 They part without a sigh,
 But strange ! they part to weep.
 He deems his love in vain,
 She loves him more than ever,
 And dreams he 'll come again,
 But, alas ! her lover, never !

Anon, the soothing balm
 Of evening, falling o'er,
 Brings the wrung bosom calm,
 Bright'ning eyes wet before ;
 His bark is on the sea,
 It comes at break of day,
 To bear him merrily
 To his home, far away.

Ah ! there are eyes will greet
 With joy, the wandering one ;
 Fond hearts will throb to meet,
 The loved and long lost son ;
 And he is blest awhile,
 And fain would lingering stay,
 In light of eyes that smile,
 With beams that ne'er betray.

A change is o'er him now,
 Such changes, time will roll ;
 For furrows on that brow,
 Speak furrows on the soul ;
 Scarce tarrying to recall,
 Some scenes, he loved too well ;
 He hastes in silent hall,
 To immure him in his cell.

* * * * *

It is the starlight hour,
 The lamps are burning bright,
 Aloft in Elvin Tower,
 O'er revcls of the night ;
 And beauteous eyes are there,
 And gallant forms enhance
 The hues of golden glare,
 Whirling in the dance.

Who is the stranger now,
 Nor heeds each passer by,
 With calm eye, but pale brow,
 Scanning the revelry ?
 The lady of his love,
 Averts her golden veil ;
 She is lovely as light above,
 But, God ! how shrunk and pale.
 Ah ! nought to her, are all
 The tones of joyous mirth ;
 And while the tear-drops fall,
 Her dreams are not of earth.
 Oft, will her lover come,
 To deck with flowers her grave ;
 'Twas her *folly* made him roam,
 And he came too late to save !
 Alas ! the feeling soul,
 Once yielded to control,
 Doubts to trust *again* the face,
 Where the winning graces dwell ;
 If the first golden vase,
 Has been broken at the well.

TO A BLUE.

My Soul, with whom I have nothing to do,
 When he takes to his romance and roaming,
 Delights his fair sylphs, and bright spirits to woo,
 In spring meadows, when twilight is gloaming.
 He proposes a meeting with your learned sprite,
 Saying, 'now our poor bodies won't miss us,' ;
 E'er the moon has risen, some soft, summer night,
 If you please, on the banks of the Illissus.

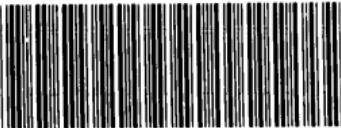




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